

THE NAMELESS



A GAME BY
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The rim, when work is hard to find anywhere else you'll always find it out here.

A collection of mining worlds and human colonies struggling to survive.

Every month, me or someone like me becomes the interstellar equivalent of Santa Claus and brings much needed parts and supplies to the poor families stuck out here.

6 months here, 6 months back, most of it spent in cryo sleep ... not much of a life is it!, but at least I am in control.



It's my final trip for a few years, 5 years running I've done this and now its time for some much needed r and r and I've got 5 years worth of pay burning a hole in my pocket and I am in the mood to have some fun, maybe even update the engines on the ship, cut future travel time down by half, or maybe just blow it all on a hundred bimbos.

The trip back was the usual one, floating straight through the core systems avoiding all shipping and military lanes, having the usual dreams of blue skies, sandy beaches and forests, boy do I miss earth.

I've only got 1 more stop to make on the way then its home sweet home.

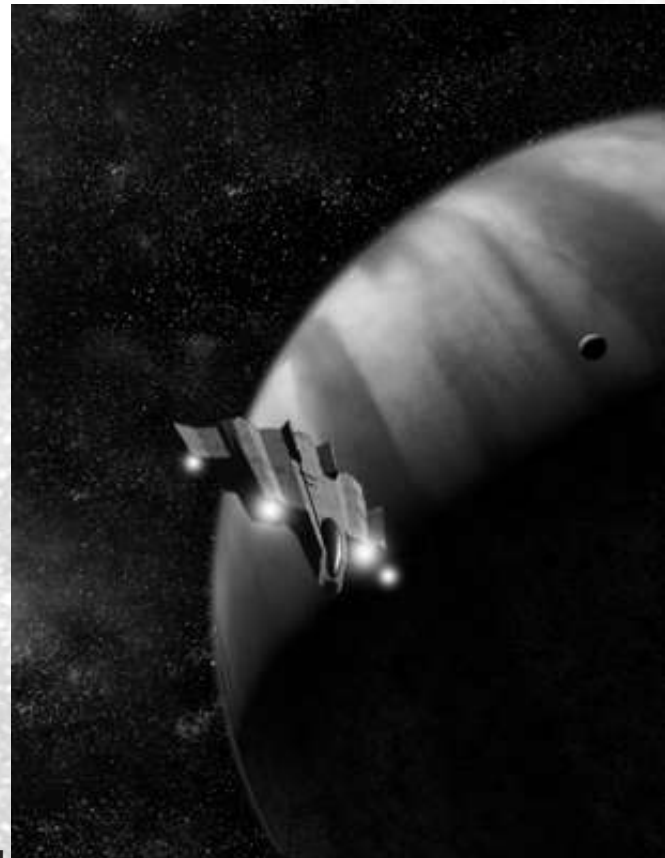
The panels began to flicker with life , one by one the computer systems came back on-line and within the cryo chamber of the Talon, I (Captain John Havoc) began to stir, just as my dream was getting good.

6 months of cryo sleep takes its toll on a man and i hated being woken up.

Slowly my eyes came into focus then, with a loud

clank and hiss, the door to the cryo tube swung open and I was thrown to the floor.

I hoped the food I was about to eat would wake me up, food heh, a lump of brown stuff that tastes just how it looks and a clear liquid to quaff it down urk, time I checked out my location and status on the computer.



"GEMA, LOCATION AND STATUS PLEASE"

The computer system then answered back in a fairly sexy voice, of my choosing of course.

"WELCOME BACK CAPTAIN, ITS GOOD TO TALK TO YOU AGAIN. WE ARE ON COURSE FOR REFUELING STATION X1 IN MARS ORBIT, E.T.A. 30 MINUTES, STATUS - CRYSTAL ORE DRIVE IS AT 2%, LIFE SUPPORT AT 10%"

"THAT'S TOO CLOSE. YOU'VE GOT TO REMIND ME TO REFUEL NEXT TIME WE LEAVE THE OUTER RIM WORLDS GEMA" .



"CAN WE LINK IN YET ?"

"YES CAPTAIN, YOU ARE ONLINE"

"THANKS GEMA, THIS IS CAPTAIN JOHN HAVOC OF THE U.P.S TALON REQUESTING PERMISSION TO DOCK FOR REFUELING AND SUPPLIES, CODE DARMA69"

"PERMISSION GRANTED TALON, PROCEED TO BAY 6"

"ROGER STATION X1 AM ON MY WAY"

"THERE WILL BE A DELAY IN REFUELING YOUR DRIVE CAPTAIN, THE BLUE CRYSTAL ORE DELIVERY FROM THE MARTIAN SURFACE IS A FEW DAYS LATE"

"OH, NO TROUBLE I HOPE"

"UNKNOWN CAPTAIN, WE LOST COMMUNICATION 36 HOURS AGO, POSSIBLY THE WEATHER, EVER SINCE THOSE DAMN TERRORFORMERS STARTED, COMMUNICATION HAS BEEN ROPEY AT BEST"



"UNDERSTOOD STATION X1, ON MY WAY TO BAY 6"

Waiting around has never been my strong point and two days without a word really gets on my nerves.

Something strange is going on, it's not the weather, I can feel it, I never liked mars, something about it sends a chill down my spine .

It's a feeling I've never been able to explain but ever since I was young it's filled me with fear.

On the other hand all this waiting is beginning to annoy me .

"STATION CONTROL, THIS WAITING IS GETTING CRAZY, REQUEST PERMISSION TO TAKE A SHUTTLE DOWN TO THE MARTION BASE TO FIND OUT WHAT THE HELL'S HAPPENED TO MY SUPPLIES ?"

"THAT WOULD BE A GREAT HELP CAPTAIN, WE'LL PREP SHUTTLE DELTA IN BAY 2 FOR YOU, GOOD LUCK "

What on earth was I doing, I hate this planet yet here I am on my way to the surface. Maybe all this cryo sleep has finally sent me mad.



The Martian base looms out of the orange glow like an ominous giant. Quiet and lifeless, there is something strange, nothing is moving, the planet was terraformed 10 years ago, life was scarce but was there in many forms. Birds and lizards lived on the surface yet none could be seen it's all wrong .

An alarm sounds on the control panel, radiation, high radiation, this must have something to do with the lack of communication.

Slowly I approach the Martian base, no one is there to greet me, no contact is made . I put on a jetpack and grab my trusty blaster.

A mystery is waiting to be solved.



Mars, I hate this planet, I always have.

A QUICK GUIDE TO THE NAMELESS.

Control keys - Move the player around the world.

Action key - Fires the players weapon. Hold this key down to strafe.

Grab key - When you have collected the Tractor Beam you can lock on to objects and carry them around. Object are different weights so be careful. Press grab key again to release.

Teleport key - Will teleport you to the last placed teleport spot or the main teleporter that is currently active. When a player is close to death his emergency teleport will activate and take him to the active main teleporter.

Remember key - You can place 5 teleport spots at any one time. Very usefull for getting back to areas quickly.

Grenade key - Collect some grenades then let those babies go....BOOOM.

Consoles - Press the action key when you are near a console, these will give you useful information... sometimes.

Make objects/creatures interact with each other, you never know, you could be rewarded.

Some object are very useful to the player, others will hinder your progress so learn from your mistakes.

Get your pencil and paper out and map ooooooh yes, the most usefull thing you can do, it will save you getting lost in the vast Martian landscape.

Main testers

Catherine Taylor - Trevor Storey - Stuart Collier - Charlie Maragna - Phil Morris.

Additional testers - Graham Goring - Russ Hoy.

CONTROL PANEL.

Radiation warning. Unknown Enemy Warning. Health Bar. Save Bar, Must be full to save your game. Artifacts placed.



Grenades,Explosives and survivors collected/placed.

Score.

Gametime.

Passcards collected.

“THE NAMELESS”

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